

## SHE LIVED ALONE FOUR DAYS ALONE.

None Came to Mrs. Whitney's Aid, Though Her Flat Was Illuminated.

HAD DREADED SOLITUDE.

When Her Daughter Went Away on Bridal Trip She Bolted Doors and Windows.

SCARED BY FALLING SHUTTER.

Mr. and Mrs. Roseland Came Home and Found the Invalid Mother Unconscious on the Floor.

Treated in the story paper manner, this tale might be entitled, "The Secret of the Lighted Flat," treated psychologically, it might be headed, "Morbidity in Solitude: A Study."

Whether as a story or a study the narrative is a sad one, even although it begins with a wedding. Moreover, it is a rather startling illustration of how modern social customs have made possible a complete solitude and helplessness under a roof that shelters many, many well-meaning men and women.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A Quiet Wedding.

It was a quiet wedding, because the date had been advanced at the urgent entreaty of the bride's mother.

"My dear," Mrs. C. E. Whitney had said to her daughter, "you really must hasten because I am in a dreadful state of nervous agitation. I suppose it's my illness makes me feel this way, but I have sense of something very sad impending, and I wish to see you married before I die."

There was no gainsaying her, for it was obvious that nothing short of her daughter's marriage would allay her nervous excitement. As for the prospective bridegroom, he was only too delighted. Harry Roseland had been engaged to Lillian May Whitney for over a year. He is an artist, with a studio at Trenton and Atlantic avenues, Brooklyn.

And so they were married last Wednesday, in the forenoon, Mr. Roseland called at the Whitney flat, at No. 98 Macon street, and all three went to the residence of the Rev. Sinclair Heister, pastor of St. George's Church. After the wedding they returned to the flat, and Mrs. Whitney prepared a "little wedding breakfast," to which they sat down at 1 o'clock.

Mrs. Whitney tried to be cheerful and calm, but failed miserably. With the wedding of her mind, she was confronted with another cause for agitation—the prospect of loneliness. She tried to keep this apprehension to herself, but it escaped her once, when she caught her daughter in her arms and cried:

"Oh, I'll be so lonely, so lonely!"

### CHAPTER II.

#### The Falling Shutter.

Mr. and Mrs. Roseland left for Washington early in the afternoon, after obtaining from the bride's mother a promise that she would go to Manhattan and spend the rest of the week in the house of some friends, who already expected her.

That evening Mr. Roseland sent her a telegram announcing their safe arrival in Washington. On Friday he wired again, saying that he and Lillian would return on Sunday night.

Mrs. Whitney did not go to Manhattan. She probably felt too miserable to impose her society on others. She had not many friends for business. She had been suffering for a long time from an affection of the kidneys. It was this affliction that had prevented her from going. She had an independent fortune, but her husband had not been a member of her household for years.

She was afraid in her solitude. The story never came from her own lips, but it was easy to trace her terror to the departure of the bride and groom. She was evidently concerned about her jewels, some of which were of great value. She hid them away in an old collar box, which was placed at the bottom of a bureau drawer. Her anxiety of intrusion, she pronounced herself for intrusions. It was pitifully earnest that the invalid's hands executed, but it must have cost great labor. On each door knob she screwed wooden buttons. Into each window sash she drove several screws to prevent it from being opened from inside.

With the approach of dusk came fear of the shadows. Mrs. Whitney determined to make an inventory. She lit a taper and went all over the flat, lighting every gas jet. She left the drawing room lighted. By that time she must have been fairly humming with terror.

Just at that time a shutter was blown from a window at the top of the building, and crashed into the courtyard just outside Mrs. Whitney's flat, which is on the ground floor.

### CHAPTER III.

#### The Lighted Flat.

When the telephone messenger rang the bell that evening no one responded. He thrust the dispatch under the door, wondering at the brilliant light that streamed from every window and every crevice.

Tenants of the same building who returned home late that night remarked the phenomenon, and a phlegmatic neighbor to them, because it had been the habit of Mrs. Whitney and her daughter to go to bed early.

A lighted window facing the street pales in the daylight, but it is not likely that the gleaming transoms on the ground floor of the apartment house failed to attract notice. It is a modern social custom, however, for people not to concern themselves with the doings of their neighbors. As for the janitor, he never went to the Whitney flat unless summoned, for Mrs. Whitney's malady had made her rather overbearing. During Thursday, Friday and Saturday a few letters arrived, and were thrust under the door. The telephone messenger with the second dispatch, announcing the return of Mr. and Mrs. Roseland, had an experience similar to that of his predecessor. All day Sunday the transoms shone as they had been shining since Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Roseland arrived after dark, laying knocked and rung in vain, and consulted the janitor without eliciting any information. Mr. Roseland broke open one of the doors. He found his mother-in-law in the drawing room, lying wedged between a couch and a lamp stand, with her right hand still clutched the taper which she had just lighted the last gas jet when the falling of the shutter frightened her into insensibility—so the janitor confessed.

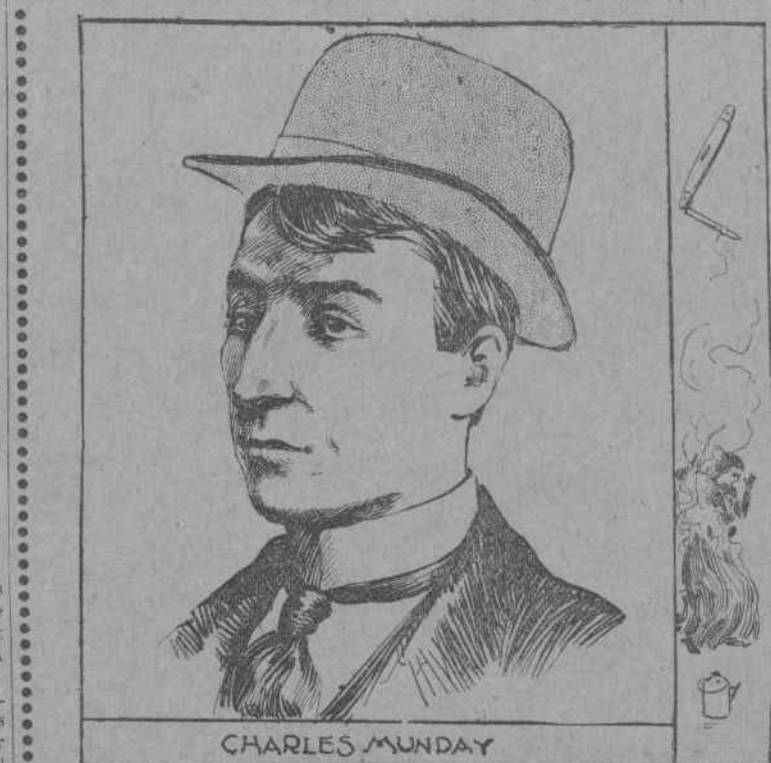
It was a bitter homecoming for the bride, she and her husband lifted Mrs. Whitney into bed and sent for the nearest doctor. The practitioner who responded said that there was nothing serious the matter with the patient. Half an hour later, however, he left.

Dr. Westbrook, who had been treating her for her ailment, was not surprised that she would have succumbed under a nervous strain. What did surprise him, however, was that it should have been possible for her to lie, helpless and undiscovered, for four days and nights in a house full of people.

### ENTERING OUT OF EIGHTH REGIMENT.

The First Battalion of the Eighth Regiment mustered out tomorrow, the Second Battalion Friday and the Third Battalion Saturday. The soldiers of the men have expired and they are at the armory again in the service of the United States.

## SHE WRITHED IN FIRE FOR LIFE'S PENANCE.



CHARLES MUNDAY



THE MUNDAY CHILDREN

Charles Munday's wife, in her dark rooms at No. 301 East One Hundred and First street, drenched herself with kerosene oil and lit it with a match yesterday morning. Monday's three children saw their mother burn. Her screams were terrifying. The eldest child lost his speech.

Munday was listening then to reports of solicitors and collectors in his office at No. 127 Fourth avenue. He is assistant superintendent there of the Prudential Life Insurance Company. The men under his charge tell him their ordinary experiences that amuse them and some of their extraordinary ones that also amuse them. They divert him exceedingly. It is the best of their availability as solicitors and collectors.

If he be amused customers will be amused also, and whoever laughs capitulates. There is a long table at which the men write and talk, exchanging their sallies that pass for wit.

He was enjoying himself at 5:30 in the afternoon, still. His blue eyes were bright. The lock of black hair which he pressed down on his forehead appeared under his hat that the excess of his hilarity had thrown back.

"Your wife is dying," said an intruder. "Why did she kill herself?" "You have me," the husband replied with laughter, lingering on his lips. "I did not know. How did she kill herself and when?" He was pale, then, and serious.

Husband Expected It.

The intruder said: "Parson my bluntness. It was unreasonably of me, but you seemed cruel. Your wife poured kerosene oil on her clothes and set herself alight seven and a half hours ago."

"I expected that she would kill herself," Munday said. "Where are the children?" "In the care of the janitor's wife. The janitor's wife is irritated extremely. She says that your mother-in-law has refused to see the children. They are hardly dressed. The boy of five years has not said a word; his baby sister is as mute as he. They are seated on two chairs in front of the stove, and they shiver from the cold. The baby of seven months is in a neighbor's arms."

"Every one in the house is angry against you. The women say that you were not kind to your wife. She gave her no money. You did all the shopping and it never pleased her. She could not buy a loaf of bread nor an ounce of butter. She was sent out. The neighbors seldom saw her. When they peeped into her rooms they saw her sitting there, looking at the door. You were not kind. Is that why she killed herself?"

Munday replied: "She killed herself of remorse for having married a Jew. She was a Roman Catholic; I am a Jew. Her name was Kate Hart. We were married six years ago. Her relatives disowned her. Her friends ceased to speak to her. She did not care; she loved only me."

"I expected she would turn to her religion. It happened about a year ago. She regretted that she had married a Jew. How crazy! She began a long series of penitential devotions. She knew prayers that she muttered all the time. She was gloomy forever."

The neighbors say that "the listener commented, 'Did she tell you, as she told me, that she could not continue to live?'"

Not Her First Attempt.

"Oh, yes," replied Munday. "Five or six times I caught her trying to kill herself. Only this morning, before I left the house, I had to take from her hands a penknife with which she had made scratches on her neck and wrist. I expected that she would succeed some day. Now excuse me. I must go home in a hurry."

"I don't know. I have them on my hands now. Excuse me. I am obliged to you. Am I to be arrested? If the police want me, I am ready to surrender and tell them all I know."

The janitor's wife scolded incessantly, but she fed the children, rocked the baby, wrapped it in an old shawl, walked up and down the cold, dark hall with it. Monday entered, and all the women in the house shouted at him.

They said: "It is time that you came. Have you been? You didn't know? How can a man not know when his wife has killed herself? What are you going to do? What have you to say?"

The children ran to their mother on every floor and gazed at him with awe of authority. The boy, five years old, looked at him with amazed eyes. The girl, of three years, stared and trembled, but her arms around

Wife Dies in Agony to Amend the Error of Her Marriage.

WAS A DEVOUT CATHOLIC.

Husband a Jew, Who Says He Expected Her to Destroy Herself.

ABANDONED BY HER FRIENDS.

Mother Declares She Endured Her Hard Lot in Life as a Penance, Then Determined to End It in Death.

## NEGROES AGAIN DEFY THE WHITES.

Will Nominate Tickets of Their Own in North Carolina.

BREAK THEIR COMPACT.

Pledges Made to Governor Russell by Blacks Will Not Be Kept.

THE NEGROES FEAR THE WORST

Decide to Take a Political Stand by Themselves, and Then Ap- point a Day of Fasting and Prayer.

Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 1.—The apparent end of the strained relations between the blacks and whites brought about by a compromise suggested by Governor Russell was broken to-day, when it was announced that the negroes would not submit to the dictation of the Government, but would issue a ticket anyhow. A negro—Charles G. Norwood, present Register of Deeds—is leading the revolt against the compromise, and the negroes are turning to him in great numbers. They have endeavored to get white men to accept nominations from them, but their efforts have proved fruitless.

It is asserted that any white man who dares to go on the negro ticket or sell the blacks arms dies. There were several meetings of negroes last night at various places, always indoors, and it was declared that Governor Russell had bartered away their franchise; that he had proven a traitor, and should no longer be the recipient of their confidence.

At these negro meetings it was decided that a ticket should be nominated and voted for, even though it should be done at the peril of their own lives. The Saturday preceding election day is set apart as a day for fasting and prayer. On this day, the negroes say, they will solemnly consecrate themselves to the cause of their race, and they will obtain the courage and inspiration necessary to meet the crisis.

Their leaders say that inasmuch as the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the constitution of the United States grant them the right to vote and remove all disabilities inherent to the free exercise of that franchise and the holding of office, the negroes will be simply subjecting themselves to slavery should they submit to the intimidations that are now being used. They say that possibly it is unfortunate that white people that the negroes are so largely in the majority in this county, but that there are many other counties in the State where the conditions are reversed, and in all of them the negroes, as good citizens, should consent to make no ticket.

Dancy, the negro Collector of Customs here, declares in his weekly paper that the time has come when the negro shall no longer occupy the humble sphere in which he has so long been kept, and that thirty-five years of freedom have entirely qualified the negro for any office within the gift of the people.

"Why should it be considered low or unseemly for a negro of culture and respectability to marry a white woman of culture and refinement, or why should it be considered a disgrace to such a white lady to marry the colored gentleman if she loves him?" is one question from Dancy's paper. After promulgating that the Republicans should not issue a ticket in this county, Governor Russell called to this city yesterday and addressed a crowd of negroes at one of their hall meetings. He told them that he would "see them through" if they would not put up a ticket.

His advice was met with groans and cries of "Sold out!" He addressed the negroes again to-night, but their determined declarations to put up a ticket and vote it warrant the belief that his influence will not suffice to change their intention. They declare they will carry the election and govern the affairs of the county.

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Heart Disease.

SOME FACTS REGARDING THE RAPID INCREASE OF HEART TROUBLES.

Do Not Be Alarmed, But Look for the Cause.

Heart troubles, at least among Americans, are certainly increasing, and while this may be largely due to the excitement and worry of American business life, it is more often the result of weak stomachs, of poor digestion.

Real, organic heart disease is incurable; but not one case in a hundred of heart trouble is organic.

The close relation between heart trouble and poor digestion is because both organs are controlled by branches of the same great nervous, the Sympathetic and Pneumogastric.

In another way, also, the heart is affected by that form of poor digestion which causes gas and fermentation from half digested food; there is a feeling of oppression and heaviness in the chest caused by pressure of the distended stomach on the heart and lungs, interfering with their action; hence arises palpitation and short breath.

Poor digestion also poisons the blood, makes it thin and watery, which irritates and weakens the heart.

The most sensible treatment for heart trouble is to improve the digestion and to insure the prompt assimilation of food.

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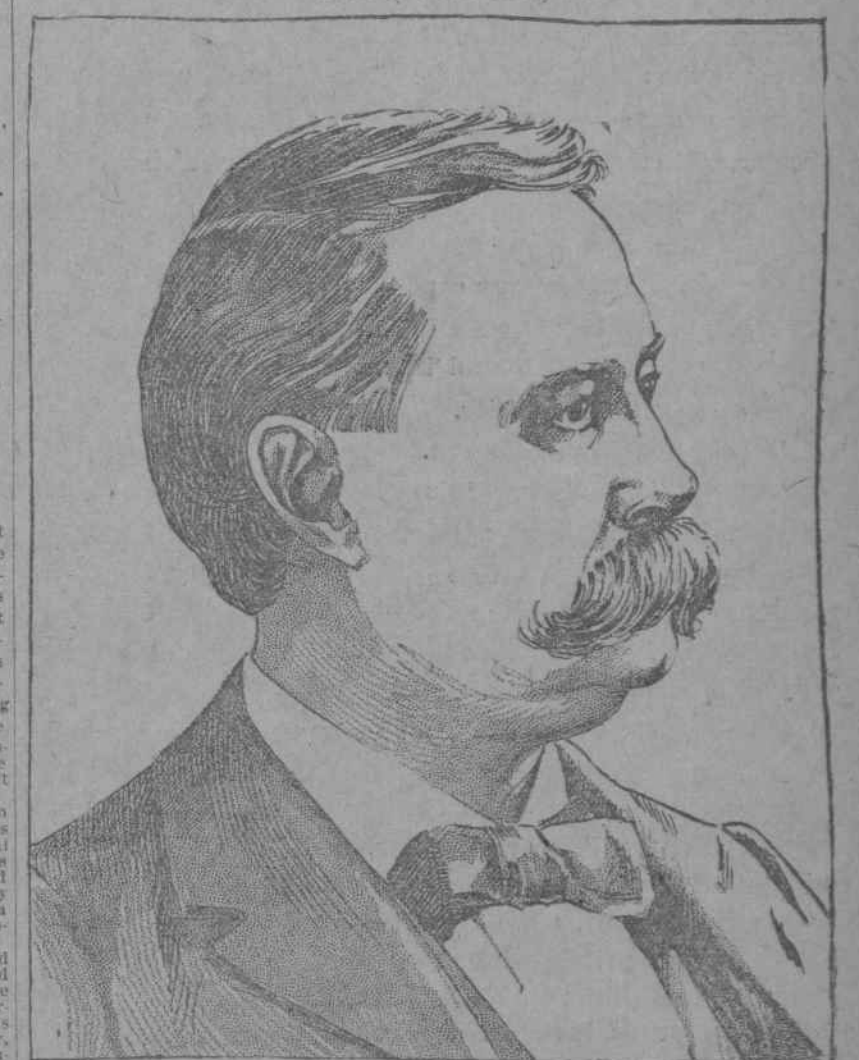
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